

# The Janesville Daily Gazette.

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JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1860.

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The majority Congressman Williams will receive in the district will be a little over seven thousand. This is the largest majority ever received by a member of Congress in the district, and is as much deserved by Mr. Williams as it is honorable to the district.

A man named John Donohoe died, last week, at Carbondale, Pennsylvania, at the age of ninety-eight. He had been a locomotive engineer nearly 40 years, and for 23 years ran between Susquehanna and Gulf Stream. He was so skillful in managing a locomotive, that he became well known in the railway circles in this country and Europe.

The fact that twelve Republican Congressmen have been elected in the Southern and Border States proves that a hard-fought campaign in the South would have been beneficial to the Republican party. Before another Presidential election, times will have so changed that the Republicans will be as free to canvass the South as any State in the North.

The manner in which General Garfield spent the election day is given as follows: "President-elect Garfield received more than 150 letters on election day. After deciding some gardening matters, he drove to the little town hall in the grove, and deposited his vote in the ballot box. Then he went to the cheese factory and gave some orders, and then returned home to open telegrams and talk with his enthusiastic friends and neighbors. Eight venerable men of the township, all over eighty years old, were taken by a four-in-hand to vote for the General. The oldest, a lame and nearly antique over a hundred years old, gave three cheers for his candidate as he voted for him."

The Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad company is still extending its lines into the Territories far beyond the Missouri river. The report comes now that the company has purchased from the Spotted Tail and Red Cloud Indians the right of way through their territories from the American Crow creek to the Cheyenne river, a distance of 180 miles. This strip of land will be 200 feet wide for which the company will pay \$110 a mile, and \$4 a acre for station grounds. The enterprise of this company is one of the wonderous things of the times. It is doing more to settle up and civilize the Territories West of the Missouri, than any other agency. It has already the largest number of miles of road of any railway company in the United States, and aside from this is one of the very best managed companies in the West.

The complexion of the next House of Representatives will be Republican, but just what the majority will be can not be definitely ascertained at present. Mr. McPherson, secretary of the Republican congressional committee, makes the following estimate of the strength of all parties in the House: Republicans, 148; Democrats, 137; Greenbackers, 5; and Independents, 3. This would give the Republicans a majority of three over the combined opposition. It is said that the Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, of New York, who was elected as a Greenbacker, or rather an independent Republican, has publicly stated that he would act with the Republicans, as he has always been a Republican and will remain one. The three Greenbackers, of Missouri, have promised to vote with the Republicans except on the question of finance, and on that they will vote with the Greenbackers. This will give the organization of the House to the Republicans beyond a peradventure.

The next time the South attempts to be "solid," it is hoped it will be sold for the Union, and sold for an honest vote and a fair count. Every indication now points to a change of things in that part of the country. The press in the South appear to be pretty well united in the opinion that the South, so far as its solidity for the Democratic party is concerned, will be dissolved. The leaders begin to see that the worst thing that could befall them would be the triumph of the Democratic party. There is no way to banish sectionalism, to create an era of good feeling, to develop the immense resources of the South, to encourage emigration to that part of the country, and make voting as free and honest there as it is in every Northern State, but to kill the present Democratic party in the South. The principles of Lee and Jackson are not the principles which will build up the South and make it strong for the right, and the Southern managers are beginning to see it. The election of Garfield is a political boon to the South, and it is refreshing that the South is opening its eyes to this fact.

According to its population there is no city in the United States, and probably not in the world, where there are so many millionaires as in San Francisco. The property roll of the assessor of the city and county amounts to \$90 million dollars. There are thirty-seven men who are assessed at over one million dollars each; and there are six whose property is assessed at over 10 millions each. The richest man in San Francisco is Leland Stanford, whom the assessors make out to be worth \$19,710,000; and then Charles Crocker comes next with \$19,187,000. Mrs. Mark Hopkins, whose husband died recently, is assessed \$17,211,000. John M. Mackay, who has probably a larger daily income than any man in the United States, except Mr. William H. Vanderbilt,

bilt, is assessed at \$10,680,000, but this amount does not include his silver mines in Nevada. All of the millionaires went there at an early day comparatively poor men—Mackay was extremely poor—but by either good luck or sharp business qualities, they have grown immensely rich, and can make the stock markets of the Pacific coast tremble at their will.

The Democrats will never be able to agree as to who is responsible for their overwhelming defeat. The New York Sun says it was because Tilden was not in the canvass. Some say it was John Kelly with his little Tammany hall hatchet. There are a good many who are free to say that Barnum's 329 and his forged Chinese letter, did the business. The Cincinnati Enquirer, a rabid Democratic paper, alleges "there were too many Democratic bosses who were infatual fools;" and, it continues, "because all the good things belong to the Republicans by divine inheritance, now, henceforth, and forever;" and also, "besides there were cheese, and iron ore, and things which must be protected—and there is also an intense radicalism in New York which fears shotgun methods." Hendricks claims that Hancock and English killed the ticket, while the friends of Gramercy Park declare it was because Tilden was sold out at Cincinnati. These are some of the many reasons given by the Democratic leaders why the ticket went down to defeat.

It is but justice to the administration of President Hayes to say that it had much influence in the recent canvass. There has not been an administration since the government was established which has been so free from corruption as that of President Hayes. Whatever may be said about the foolishness of his civil service order, and however ridiculous may be his Southern policy, his administration has been exceedingly pure and efficient. There has been no defections, no extravagant expenditures so far as the administration could control, and there has been no inefficiency in any of the departments. These important facts had much to do with the result of the canvass. The purity of the administration of President Hayes gave the public confidence. It made the Republican party strong. It strengthened the hope of business circles that the administration of Garfield would be as free from fault as that of President Hayes, and that was what the country needed. President Hayes has done some foolish things in regard to civil service and his Southern policy, but there arises above these the fact that the honesty of his administration challenges the admiration of the country.

Mr. Alden, of the New York Times writes an editorial on the defeat of the Anti-Masonic ticket for President, from which we quote this paragraph: "Now that the battle is over and lost, we can calmly examine the reasons for the defeat of the Anti-Masonic ticket; and it might be remarked that an examination of this kind is always a more satisfactory proceeding after the defeat than before it. It is conceded by all that in many districts there have been large Anti-Masonic gains. In Smithtown, Ohio, where the Anti-Masonic vote in 1876 was 1, it is this year 2, a gain of precisely 100 per cent. In Brownville, Md., 3 men voted on Tuesday for Phelps and Pomeroy, whereas last year only 2 men voted the Anti-Masonic local ticket at the annual election for the Superintendency of Prowling Pigs. Here is another gain of 50 per cent. In Robinsonville, Ill., Phelps and Pomeroy received one vote, which is a clear gain of more per cent than can be well be estimated, inasmuch as the Anti-Masonic ticket in 1876 in that town received only the vote of a young man, aged 18, and this vote was afterward thrown out by the reckless and perfidious men who superintended the counting. In Thompson City, Wis., (probably he means Oshkosh) an old lady publicly announced that she would have voted for Phelps and Pomeroy had she been a man; and this declaration may fairly be counted as an Anti-Masonic gain of several per cent in a town where hitherto no Anti-Mason, of any well-defined sex, has ever been seen. These figures taken almost at random from the returns from four different States, show an enormous Anti-Masonic gain, and cannot but awaken the utmost uneasiness for the future in the minds of Freemasons."

**Look at This and That.**  
From the Petroleum World.  
L.  
Miss Blanche Murray is a very proper young lady. Last week she caught her little brother smoking.  
"You terrible thing," she hissed, "I am going to tell father on you."  
"This is only corn silk," muttered the boy penitently.  
"I don't care what it is. I am going to tell on you, and see that you don't get into that beastly, horrid degrading habit. I wouldn't have anything to do with smokers."

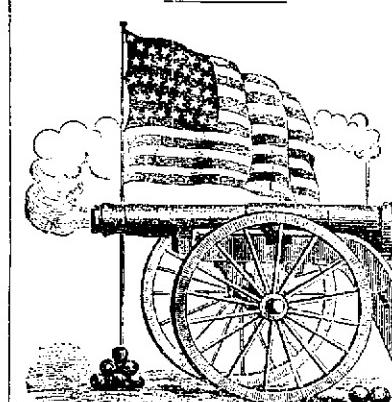
II.

It is evening. Miss Murray is sitting on the front stoop with Almon. It is moonlight, and the reddest spirits of the honeymoons and syrups wait bliss to their already intoxicated souls.  
"Won't little birds object to my smoking a cigarette?"  
"Not at all," replied Miss Murray.  
"I like cigarettes. They are so fragrant and romantic. I think they are just too delicious for anything."

"Then I'll light one."  
He lights a cigarette, and they talk about the weather for two hours and a half.

For those distressing diseases peculiar to women DAY'S KIDNEY PAO is invaluable.

## CALIFORNIA & OREGON.



The Official Vote Gives Both States to the Republicans.

And a United States Senator in California.

A Healthy Republican Gain Reported in Ohio.

An Address by the Republican National Committee.

General Hancock will Not Approve the Fraud Yell of Barnum.

More Speculations Relative to President Garfield's Cabinet.

The Stalwart Republicans Who are Likely to Receive Appointments.

Wisconsin After the Great Political Battle.

The Dead Politician—The Wounded Place Seekers and the Missing.

The Madison Democrat Moves to Disband the Democratic Party.

Bennett's Arctic Steamer Jeannette Crushed in the Arctic Ice.

A Horrible Murder and Suicide in Virginia.

A Bloody Horror in Batesville, Ohio.

## CALIFORNIA.

Special to the Gazette.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 8.—The vote is officially canvassed, and semi-official figures give Garfield, 78,115, and Hancock, 78,002, making Garfield's majority over Hancock, 113. The Republicans have the Legislature, and will elect a United States Senator.

Oregon gives Garfield 547 plurality with two counties to hear from which will increase the vote to over 600.

34,167.

Special to the Gazette.

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 8.—The Republican gain in Ohio is 16,758, over October. Garfield's plurality is 34,167.

## A BLOODY HORROR.

Special to the Gazette.

BATESVILLE, Ohio, Nov. 8.—Frank M. Brendenbaugh, while drunk yesterday morning, horribly murdered four of his household and then committed suicide. He used an axe as a weapon, and with this killed his sleeping wife and babe, smashing their heads into a bloody jelly, and killed a visitor, Mrs. Stevens, and her child, and very nearly killed the hired girl. He then cut his own throat.

## THE JEANNETTE.

Special to the Gazette.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 8.—The news from Japan sources say that James Gordon Bennett's Jeannette was crushed in the Arctic ice with some whalers.

## REPUBLICAN ADDRESS.

Address of the Republican National Committee.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.—The Republican national committee have issued an address to the country on the results of the election, concluding as follows: "Republicans may be assured that no after-thought of two or three mortified and desperate leaders of the minority writing under their party censure will be allowed to trifle with this weighty verdict or prevent the organization of the government on the appointed day to the resolute men chosen to administer it."

## GARFIELD'S CABINET.

More Speculations Relating to the New Cabinet.

CLEVELAND, Nov. 7.—General Garfield has at this time not made up his mind absolutely as to who he will appoint to any of the positions in his cabinet. In the first place, it is too soon after the election for him to have matured any plans; and in the second place, he does not intend to repeat any of the grave mistakes of President Hayes in not heading to a proper extent, words of counsel from

such statesmen, for example, as Senators Conkling and Logan. What Conkling, Grant, Logan, and Cameron did for his cause in Ohio and elsewhere, when, at any time during the campaign, dark clouds were beginning to spread themselves over the Republican horizon, the President-elect feels deeply grateful, and his friends here say that when the opportunity occurs General Garfield will make it his great study to render the stewardship as well as the Hayes wing of the party in perfect accord with the new administration.

If General Grant should desire the office of Secretary of War, there is little doubt, the friends of the President-elect say, that he could have that position. There is also no question expressed as to Grant going to the court of St. James, should the great soldier's friends intimate to President Garfield, that he would like such an appointment. In the latter event, the report set about by the gossips at Washington is that the Hon. John A. Logan was to be made Secretary of the Interior is quite likely to become true.

The succession of the United States Senatorship from Ohio may influence the makeup of the Cabinet. Should Governor Foster be chosen Senator that gentleman will have been provided for in a manner sufficiently satisfactory to himself and General Garfield. But if the sonorous name fails on other shoulders, it is far from improbable that the President-elect may conclude to give Foster a Cabinet appointment, say that of Postmaster General. Garfield has said nothing definite in this respect, but his sister-in-law, Mrs. Foster, is well-known to his intimates here. Foster is believed to be a man of strong character, and, if he is chosen, will be a valuable addition to anyone's cabinet.

No one realizes more than the President-elect what the country owes to this great financier, and it is possible that Garfield's Ohio influences and connections may have led him to over-estimate the Financial Secretary and his services. Then Garfield, who himself stood by Sherman for the Presidential nomination so long, may that a duty toward the financier as an Ohioan still remains. Certain it is that something more or less satisfactory will be found for Secretary Sherman, and it is generally believed that the post he now occupies will be the chosen one.

The Hon. Ben Harrison for some cabinet position, Garfield's friends assert, is not improbable; in fact, may be considered almost assured.

## HANCOCK AND BARNUM.

The Fraud Yell General Hancock will not Approve the Scheme.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6.—It is stated on the most reliable authority that General Hancock, this afternoon, addressed a letter to Chauncey Barbour, of the Democratic National committee, in which he said he had been consulted by several committees with reference to a proposed revision of the vote cast last Tuesday, with a view to contesting the election in New York State in his interest. He had also seen the same course recommended in certain of the Democratic newspapers. He wished to say that the movement did not meet his approval, as it appeared to be based upon unprovable assertions and inadequate grounds, and further, because the movement, so far as it concerned him personally, was open to the insuperable objection that under no circumstances would he consent to be a technical President. Mr. Barbour left town this afternoon, and the letter could not be obtained, but a gentleman who has just returned from Governor's Island says there is no doubt that the letter is in his possession, and that the summary gives its purpose correctly. It is stated that General Hancock, like most other intelligent Democrats, is disgusted with the management of his campaign, and particularly with the blundering leadership in New York and Kings' counties, which undoubtedly was a prominent factor among the causes of his defeat in New York State. At this day he does not propose to lend his countenance to the schemes of the men who are raising a huge fraud yell simply to divert attention from their mismanagement, and to palliate, if they can, the condemnation which their party is disposed to visit upon them for the fatal blunders which cost them the election.

## WISCONSIN.

The Madison Democrat Moves to Disband the Democratic Party.

MADISON, Nov. 7.—The Madison Democrat, which has been bitterly partisan all through the campaign, this morning comes out in an editorial arguing the disbanding of the Democratic party in the West. It says the Democracy has only elected thirty-five out of 280 congressmen in the North, and admits that they only carry New Jersey for Hancock by 1,500 majority, and Nevada by 300, and that out of ten Northern States they have not elected a single Representative. The North is solidly Republican and the South the same. Democratic, and the Northern Democracy has performed its duty to the country, and has nothing more to offer—no other party duty to perform for the country. In another editorial it says:

"Suppose the Democratic party of the North should conclude to disband its organization. The thirty members of the Legislature who were elected as Democrats will be free to vote as they choose for United States senator. They, of course, will not be confined in all Districts, but can vote for any good man who is likely to be elected by their votes. Some of them may vote for Colonel Keyes, some may vote for the Hon. Philander Sawyer. All of them may vote for the Hon. Charles L. Colby, or the Hon. Horace Rublee. The Republican party can hardly keep them out of their Senatorial caucus, provided they go in agreeing to support the names nominated, and who, on account of their exclusion, might bolt the caucus with his following of Republicans, and elect regardless of the caucus manipulations. Of course all these men can vote for a Republican. They will owe no allegiance to the Democratic party, for there will be no Democratic party."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

In the town of La Prairie, Rock county, Wisconsin, for particular call or address ANGIE J. BROWN, No. 8 West Milwaukee street, Janesville, Wisconsin.

## A VIRGINIA TRAGEDY.

RICHMOND, Nov. 6.—London county, in this State, has been the scene of one of the bloodiest tragedies known in Virginia. It seems that yesterday Merritt Nott, a small farmer in London county, had a quarrel with his sister-in-law. It is thought that he had previously quarreled with his wife, and that the sister-in-law took her part. He was a man of strong temper, and, turning from his sister-in-law, he went into the yard, and, getting a large knife used for cutting corn, came back and assaulted her with it. She ran into the yard and he pursued her and stabbed her until he thought she was dead. After this he returned to the house and, taking his gun, discharged it in the air and coolly reloading it. He then went to the spot where the woman lay, and, putting the muzzle of the gun under his chin, fired. The whole load passing through his mouth, tearing out the tongue and lodging in his head. He fell to the ground, but while in the throes of death he saw some sign of returning life in the woman. Drazing himself to where she lay, and rushing forward, he seized a big stone and dealt her a blow in the face. As he was raising himself to repeat the blow his wife entered the yard, and, taking in the situation at a glance, she herself seized another large stone, and, standing over the prostrate form of her husband, put an end to his struggle. Her sister died in a few minutes after.

## WISCONSIN.

After the Battle The Dead, Wounded and Missing.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 6.—Probably the sickest looking lot of chickens to be seen anywhere since the great Republican cyclone swept over the northern portion of this continent from Maine to California is to be found to-day in Wisconsin. A parcel of wet hen on a rainy afternoon huddled together under a farmer's cart in the barnyard are a comfortable-looking group compared with the leaders and warden politicians who bet their money on Hancock, organized Hancock Legions of Honor, waited through the muddy streets with kerosene torches, or made themselves conspicuous in other ways for the good of the cause. They feel like one who trades alone some banquet deserted; whose lights are dead, and all but them departed.

And just now they are trying to find out what all them or their party that it should be so unmercifully defeated. Billy Patterson has been hit hard between the eyes and knocked senseless, but the question is who struck him. Some think that Barbour's mules all got loose the night before election and kicked the Democratic party into the middle of next week, or the week after that. One says it was the attempted theft of Maine last winter; another says it was the loss of Indiana, another that it was the fear of the Solid South, another that it was the truth, another that it was the forged Chinese letter, or something else, and the doctors disagree. They don't see why it was that Hancock did not run any better in the north, and he a Pennsylvanian and a good Union soldier, too, who fought at Gettysburg. But the meanest looking fellows in the sorry lot who were swarried "329" on the side-walks, board fences, and lamp posts, and shouted "God Save the Emperor" at the end of every sentence. They now vote themselves incomprehensible names unmeaning, and are amazed at their own stupidity and want of intelligence. Poor Dempster is the only cheerful man among all the disconsolate crowd of Milwaukee Democrats, and he looks like the sole survivor of a shipwreck who had been snatched from a watery grave, when all else had gone down into the unspeakable maw of the eternal ocean. Dempster thinks it was the worst Republican hurricane last Tuesday he was ever caught in, and he goes about the Seaboard office murmuring to himself these touching but appropriate lines from a wicked old rhyme of Dr. Watts:

"And if an angel were to see Hell,  
They rights law approves it well."

Dempster is one of the spared monuments of Republican mercy, or rather Republican blundering in nominating his opponent. He ought to be fishing to-day on the head-w

# THE GAZETTE.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1880.

## New Evolution in Mo-quitos.

With improved ordnance has come the iron-rod ship, and now, for a reason like that which displaced the old-fashioned vessels of wood, we must give up, it is to be feared, our mosquito bars.

When an enemy penetrates your defenses it is clear you have no resource except to set up defenses that he can not penetrate. Yet how is this to be done? Amazing and indeed impossible as it may seem, the tiny black pest that has come to enliven this remarkable summer is actually able to go through the ordinary mesh of mosquito netting. The creature has evolved in the direction of diminution. He has grown small by degrees and exasperatingly less. By some diabolical instinct, or through the teachings perhaps of a long line of astute mosquitoes who have lived and grown gray in the past, the wretch has contrived to make himself compact, so as to laugh to scorn our most ingenious devices. He is an india-rubber or telescope mosquito, who rolls himself within himself, but whose capacity in the way of torture is not wholly impaired by his new and artful endowment. Formerly we gazed upon him from within, with ironical complacency as he skinned up and down the nettings, giving forth, indeed, his trumpet of menace and defiance, but tinctured, withal, with a certain accent of despair. We were masters of the situation then, and felt as safe as Macbeth in Dunsinane before the fatal wood of Birnam heralded his fate by beginning to move. The enemy could no more touch us than the small boy who flattens his nose on the wind-pane can touch the scales and dainties that makes his mouth water inside. But those happy days have passed, and how are we to return to them? Are we to submit to the fiend, the tormentor, the incomparable master of petty agony without a blow? This is out of the question, and yet for the time we seem to be utterly without resource. When the fierce for tears and poisons you at own sweet will, slipping to and fro through your nets with a grace as any as that of an acrobat who goes through a hoop; and when your chemist tells you, with a look of altogether inexplicable triumph, that there is really no remedy for mosquito bites, and no prophylactic against them; in these circumstances your strait is becoming serious. The laurel crown, the purse of Fortunatus, and the thunks of millions living and yet to be, await the fortunate discoverer who shall falsify your chemist's statement and put an end to his mysterious satisfaction forever. Yet the years roll by, and clever Americans who can manifestly invent every thing else have invented no real armor against their tiniest but most virulent foe. Let us console ourselves with the hope that the very extremity we bemoan may inspire the coming man, and that thus out of our stinging nettle of danger may be plucked the budding flower of safety.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

## How a Great Poet Died.

At six in the evening of the 27th of January, 1837, the dreariest depth of a dreary Russian winter, the "dovorniki," or house porter of a mansion in St. Petersburg, assisted by a valet-de-chambre, carried up stairs to his apartments, where his wife and children were awaiting his return, a dying man. This was a noble Russian gentleman, an employee in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and the editor of a periodical called the *Contemporary*. He had been shot through the breast that self-same evening in a duel with the Baron Georges Heckeren Dantes. When the mortally-wounded man had reached the door of his room he turned to his faithful servant, and murmured, "It makes thee sad to bear me thus." The simple words of grateful sympathy recall the "Questa è una bella scena" of that other dying man at Missolonghi to the devoted Tito. The moribund Russian gentleman had been brought home from the scene of the encounter by his second, an old school-fellow, Col. Danzas. They laid the patient on a sofa; doctors were sent for, and ice was applied to his wounds. At ten o'clock arrived one of his fast friends, the famous Joukovsky, who had just been apprised of the terrible tidings by the Princess Viazemsky. Prince Viazemsky himself, and Prince Mitchersky were in the cabinet adjoining the wounded man's chamber. They shook their heads, and told Joukovsky that there was no hope. The chief anxiety expressed by the patient when his friends joined him was that his wife should not be told what had happened. But it was necessary to tell her. The poor soul was led to his bedside, and his little children were brought to him, half asleep, from their cradles. He lingered yet some thirty-six hours, in intense agony, and the last sacraments were administered to him. On the second morning, after casting a look of affection upon the books on his shelves, saying, "Farewell, dear old friends," he turned to Count Viergorski, who, with M.M. Dahl and Tourniquet, stood by him, and said, "Lift me up—higher, higher." His friends raised him; and then, as Joukovsky writes, a kind of splendor came over his face. He seemed to wake, and, in a clear voice, said: "My life is over!" "You have been brought back to life," exclaimed Dahl. "My life is finished," repeated the patient, and in a moment he was dead. "We read in his countenance," continues Joukovsky, "the development of grave, yet amazed thoughtfulness—of a vision of perception, profound, entire, radiant. We felt inclined to ask him, 'What seest thou, friend?' This died, in the 38th year of his age, Alexander Pouchkine, the greatest poetic genius that the frigid regions of the North have produced, and whom some have called "the Byron of Russia."—*London Telegraph*.

The *Scientific American* gives no encouragement to the effort now in progress to raise an anti-vaccination feeling in this country. It admits that the statistics unfavorable to vaccination, collected either here or in Europe, may be true; but its confidence in vaccination remains unshaken. The figures teach rather a reform of the practice of vaccination than an abrogation of it. "Vaccine virus, not contaminated and stripped of its virtue by humanization—that is, by repeated transmission from man to man—is both free from risks and of certain efficacy. No better proof of this fact is required than the practical stamping out of small-pox in this great city." In view of the fact that by the general adoption of correct vaccination, small-pox, but lately one of the worst of human scourges, has been so thoroughly brought under subjection in New York that, with 1,100,000 inhabitants, there were last year but fourteen cases of the disease, it is as manifestly untrue as it is absurd for our newspapers to lend themselves to the propagation of anti-vaccination nonsense."

How contagious is the laugh of some people, how jarring that of others, like playing on a worn-out piano.

## PROLOGUE.

**Gen:**  
Why was I taken from my rest  
To the dark warm silent breast?  
Why dost thou vex and wound me so  
With thy sharp edge, that hard and slow  
Goes cutting, cutting till the bone?  
Now this and now the other way?

**Dish:**  
I do not on my errand stand;  
I am not a grind, and wear,  
And raise thine anger or despair;  
It is not well with me today.  
I am not a grind, and wear,  
I do but that which I am bid;  
The reason of it may be bid,  
I do not ask or seek to know,  
Where that hand sends me, there I go.

**Gom:**  
Born the wretched from darkling sleep  
When I slept in peace most deep,  
I left not anger or despair;  
When I was born I knew not where,  
But this show me and record me thy  
Wishes, and patting gently say,  
A blow, a wrench, a final end!  
Were the kind torture of a friend;  
Put me not to the test, for it is worse  
Than when I was in a fire;  
Why must not—this daily grind  
That causes not leaves behind  
A precious promise for the morrow,  
Nor offers me succor of sorrow?

**Lapith:**  
Poor heart on haply poor eyes so blind!  
The gravur's work seems all unkind,  
Yet ever since day after day,  
I toil and strive, nor turn away,  
Through broken teeth and weary hand  
The world to conquer, and to bind.  
Know that thy hardness, by my art  
Shall make thee master of the mart,  
The pretty maid that cost me dear  
Or, if she be hardy, give her  
That thy faults all may shine  
Which lay so dull within the mine.  
My gracious love, come here,  
And let me kiss thy cheek, and here  
When every day of heavenly light  
Shall turn to Heaven in answer bright  
From thy heart, when I shall know  
The use of sorrow that shall know,  
Not by the hammer when it broke,  
But by reviving stroke on stroke,  
Or, if she be hardy, give her  
A wonder for the world to see.  
And men shall say, who see the shine,  
A Master wrought it from the mine,  
—*Rose, Fairy Queen, to Christian Union*

Nevada's First Nugget.

The San Francisco *Alta California* says: An interesting correspondence has lately passed between Elliott Lord, of the United States Geological Survey, and John Orr, the first discoverer of gold in Nevada. Under the supervision of the Director of the Geological Survey a history of the Comstock discovery and mining developments on the east slope of Nevada is being prepared. Mr. Orr, at present residing at Duncan's Mills, Sonoma County, has in his possession the first gold nugget known to have been found in Nevada, and the inquiries of Mr. Lord have been in relation to the circumstances of its discovery and the possibility of securing it from Mr. Orr, by donation or purchase, for the collection of minerals in the National Museum at Washington.

In conversation with Mr. Orr a day or two ago he stated the facts relating to the discovery. He started with a large train to come across the plains in 1849. Unusually severe weather was encountered, the roads were bad and they were compelled to spend the winter at Salt Lake. He left for California on the first wagon train from Salt Lake in the spring of 1850, but the desert was not crossed until the last of May because of high waters and the fact that their road had to be cut through the snow until the Humboldt was reached. Orr had a partner named Nick Kelly, after whom Kelly's Ravine is named, and in the company was one William Prouse, now living in Napa City, about forty miles southeast of Salt Lake. Prouse had worked in mines in this State before gold was discovered in Coloma and was a good prospector.

One early day of May, 1850 the train stopped on the edge of what is now known as Gold Canyon, near the Carson river, to let the animals feed on some bunch grass found growing among the sage brush. Prouse at noon time took a milk-pail and going down to the gulch began washing dirt, in a few minutes getting color to the value of a few cents. Orr still named the place Gold Canyon, still retained. Orr was keeping a rude chart of the country travelled over, taking bearings only north and south and estimating the distances travelled every day. Gold Canyon was marked on the chart, which was lost by Orr in 1855, while returning East to be married. The train soon after resumed travel, going to the head of the Carson Valley. There was met a party of seven, who had left the train at the sink of the Humboldt, intending to go to California and select good locations for the remainder of the party. They had been unable to cross the country and had been lost in the snow in the mountains four or five days unable to find the divide to Hangtown, and seeking Carson to re-enter. A stay in Carson for three weeks followed when Orr, Kelly and several others returned to Gold Canyon and resumed prospecting. Kelly and Orr went up the canyon until a little fort was reached, when work was begun. The party had but few tools and Orr had nothing but a butcher-knife.

While Kelly was working Orr noticed a very narrow place at the fork, where the water barely covered a slab of slate rock. He examined it, and noticing a small crevice near the edge, drove the butcher-knife into it, breaking out a piece. The water running over it washed away the underlying dirt, and in few seconds Orr discovered a golden nugget where the rock had covered. It was quickly removed and afterward found to weigh \$8.25. This was on the first of June, 1850 and thirty years ago. Prospecting was continued and though gold dust was found in several places throughout the canyon, Orr's was the only nugget found. The party lacked tools and provisions and being bent on reaching California abandoned the canyon and arrived at Leeks Springs, July 4, 1850. Orr offered the nugget to Kelly, who refused it as it was the first piece of gold he ever dug. Orr for a few years kept it as a souvenir on that account.

Of late years the inquiry as to the first discovery of gold in Nevada, and the settlement of the discovery upon Mr. Orr and his nugget, have induced him to state that the nugget is not for sale, nor will it be donated to any museum. He has four grown sons and will keep it for them, to be passed down as an heirloom. Mr. Lord writes that the survey in their contemplated work will acknowledge the first discovery as stated above.

According to the *India-Prakash*, the widow marriage movement in Bombay is not just now in a very flourishing condition. The Widow Marriage Association, we are told, has not issued any report for five years, and widows wish to remain known not whose shelter to seek and whose sympathy to invoke. The *India-Prakash* suggests that the association should start a fund for the purpose of establishing a widows' asylum, where young widows wishing to remain may be placed, and also educated so as to be agreeable companions to their husbands in life."

The Hartford *Courant* gives a list of parties who have been reported as killed by lightning this season, and adds, "as a noticeable thing about the list, that none of the accidents occurred in cities or in the presence of telegraph wires and accumulations of metal. These French as much as English. The French also say, She is as dainty as a cat. It is nothing to whip a cat for; their sing-

## PEN AND SCISSORS.

The good conveyancer is known by his deeds.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald*.

Tirm Mohammedan population of St. Petersburg is subscribing for a large mosque, the first to be erected in that city.

The best newspaper men, it is said, boil their matter, which probably accounts for their work being so well done.—*Rome Sentinel*.

The diminutive Commodore Nutt keeps a drinking place in New York City, and when his bartender was recently arrested for keeping the place open on Sunday, contrary to law, he was promptly bailed by the little Commodore, who said that he had bank stock enough to qualify as bail.

The ragmen in London, the *chiffonniers* in Paris, and many others, are great collectors of old corks. There is at Bedear, a small village in England, a cork model of Lincoln Cathedral, made by a plowman, which contains the extraordinary number of one million corks, and occupied ten years and six months in building.

QUEEN PUDDING.—Soak one pint of bread crumbs in one pint of milk, beat the yolks of eight eggs, and whites of four with one cupful of sugar, flavor with lemon, add one tablespoonful of butter, and bake. Beat the four whites of eggs that were left out with a cupful of sugar, put it over the pudding as soon as baked, and cook it until the meringue is a light brown.

He was the only son of his own mother, the pride, the hope, the apple of her eye. Over his fair head scarce three summers had passed. "And be sure, Peter, and recollect this," said his fond and only mother, as she shut up the good books, "never put oil till to-morrow what you can do to-day." "A-h—" said Peter, with glistening eyes, "then let's finish up the pudding to-night."

The Chinese skill in dwarfing plants is well known. The Chinese ladies wear in their bosoms little dwarf trees, which, by a carefully adjusted system of starvation, have been reduced to the size of button-hole-flowers. These remain fresh and evergreen in their dwarf state for a number of years, just as fir trees in mountains are evergreen, and thus are excellent symbols of perpetuity of love, to express which they are used by the ladies of the highest rank in the Celestial Empire.

In 1789 the Royal Library of Paris contained 800,000 volumes and objects of every description. In 1859 the number was 1,200,000. During the last twenty years, the increase has been more sensible, and the actual number is estimated at 2,000,000. The mean annual increase from legal deposits alone is 20,000. Out of these 2,000,000 about 450,000 are devoted to French history, 200,000 to theology, 90,000 to science and philosophy, 60,000 to natural history, and 20,000 to English history.

The *Nature* says that the French Ministry of War has published a regulation for organizing optical telegraphy in time of peace. The several places on the French frontier are to be connected by posts, and the apparatus is to be maneuvered by persons trained to keep records of communications sent and received. This new creation is to be placed under the supervision of the director of aerial communications, who has already command of the balloons and the aerolobatics for carrier pigeons.

Some of the denominations have found a fruitful subject of discussion in the useless extravagance often seen at funerals, to let the results of war times, which people have been very slow to shake off. The *Christian Union*, in discussing the subject, remarks that the evil is widespread and real and often becomes an unhappy satire on the mourners themselves, and adds that a Chinaman will die happy if he has the assurance of a costly funeral, but to most Christians it is a very unsatisfactory reward for the trials of life."

## Sayings about Cats.

For "living a cat or dog life" the French say "To love like cats and dogs;" and this leads us to observe that many of the sayings which are current in one language appear in others more or less modified. Thus, we say "to buy a pig in a poke," but in France, Flanders and elsewhere they say "to buy a cat in a bag."

A scalped cat dreads cold water just as much as a burnt child dreads the fire; and though a scalped cat does not go back to the kitchen, the Spanish idea is good. One eye on the pot and the other on the cat." The Italian means when he is earnest, does not mean cat when he is jest and plays the dead when he dissimulates. He calls the cat when he speaks plainly; he sets about skinning the cat when he undertakes a hard task; and when he sees no one he finds neither cat nor dog.

That evil-doers are caught at last he shows by saying the cat goes so often to the bacon that she leaves her claws there. He goes to see the cat drowned when he lets himself be imposed on, and he cheats another when he gets him to go and see him fish along with the cat. Though every cat would like a bell, the cat of Messina scratches out its own eyes in order not to see the rats.

The Spaniard, like the Italian, plays the cat when he dissimulates, but it is not a dead one. The Spaniard says the cat would be a good friend if he did not scratch, and he thinks a cat which nips is not a good mouser. An Italian says one had better be the head of a cat than the tail of a lion; a wary German goes like a cat round hot broth, and believes it too late to drive the cat away when the cheese is eaten. Many believe that a good cat often loses a mouse, that no cat is too small to scratch and that you cannot keep away the cat when it has tasted cream. The Russian thinks that play for cats means tears for mice; the Arab says that when the cats and mice are on good terms the provisions suffer; the Turk says that two cats can hold their own against one lion. Another Turkish saying is, it is fast day-to-day, as the cat said when it could not get its own eyes in order not to see the rats.

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The Englishman fancies that some people have as many lives as a cat—a cat in fact has nine lives; yet he holds that cat will kill a cat, and that May kitties should be drowned.

He is scarcely alone in thinking that the more you stroke a cat the higher she raises her tail—in other words that flattery feeds vanity. He has the cat out of the bag; but so do others, and they all agree that it is the nature of the cat always to fall on its feet. Only talk of turning a cat in pain, and folks will drop it in a heap.

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## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

### OLD RIP.

Long Cut Smoking Tobacco  
is much milder, fragrant and sweet. Smokes cool and gives twice as far as granulated tobacco.  
ALEX. & GINTER, Manufacturers,  
Richmond, Virginia.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S  
SELECT LIST OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS.

An advertiser who wants to print his advertisement in a paper which costs less than \$200 of it in this list, writes to "Advertiser Local List" and paid better last year THAN ALL THE OTHER ADVERTISING I HAVE."

27. NOV. 1. CO-OPERATIVE LIST  
OF 100 NEW & OLD CITIES OF THE  
UNITED STATES.

28. NOV. 1. CO-OPERATIVE LIST  
OF 100 NEW & OLD CITIES OF THE  
UNITED STATES.

The following states exactly what the papers are worth. When the name of a paper is printed in FULL FACE TYPE it is, in every instance the BEST. When printed in CAPITALES it is the ONE. When printed in LETTERS it is the POORER of every town and the circulation of every paper.

The rates charged for advertising are based on the price of the paper. The price of each paper varies from \$22 to \$800. The price for one issue one month in the entire list is \$625. The regular rates of the papers for the month are given in the following table, including 95% discounts of which 15% are issued DAILY and 75% WEEKLY. They are located in 288 different cities and towns of the United States and Canada, and 143 County Seats. For copy of copy, GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., New York.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., New York.

## ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

Medicinal Orange Tartar, 5c per  
ounce; Saffron, 10c; Light Baby Oil Breads, or Luxurious  
Biscuits, 15c per pound. Canister, 10c.  
Canister, 10c. Biscuit, 15c. Luxurious  
Biscuits, 15c. Luxurious Biscuits, 15c.  
Royal PARIS, Powder Co., New York.

10  
WANT HELP

CENTRAL JAN. 1.  
The Chicago  
Weekly News  
will sell its  
newspaper  
for 10 cents. This  
will be a  
good opportunity  
for advertisers  
to become acquainted with  
the

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY!

**GAS AND STEAM FITTING.**

**G. F. RICHARD & CO.**

No. 27 MYERS' HOUSE BLOCK, JANEVILLE  
Gas, Steam and Water Pipe Fitting. Dealers  
in Pump and Cutters, Gas Fitters, Pipe  
Fitters, Gas and Water Fitters, Gas Pipe  
Steam and Water Works. All work in the above  
line done on reasonable terms. Aug 2dawly

**PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS**

**O. O. SUTHERLAND, M. D.**  
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon,  
Office and Residence, Franklin Street, Oppo-  
site Post Office, hours 10 to 12 and 2 to 5 P. M.

**MYERS' HOUSE LIVERY.**

**C. W. JACKMAN, Proprietor,**  
EAST MILWAUKEE ST., JANEVILLE  
Meats, New Beefs, Hams, Bacon and  
Bacon and Beef for Funerals a  
Specialty.

**HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING.**

**H. C. MCLENNAN, ETC.**

**House, Sign & Ornamental Painters.**

Painting, Drawing, and Paper Hanging specialists. Offers by permission to Messrs. Wm. Campbell, Dr. G. H. Miller, Dr. T. V. Franklin, Dr. G. H. Miller, Dr. T. V. Franklin, and Co. Shattock's, Mrs. Durfee's grocery, West Milwaukee Street. Leave orders with E. V. Whittier & Co.

**H. H. BLANCHARD'S**  
Law, Collection, Real Estate and Loan  
Office.

Regular Office Hours 9 A. M. to 12 M. 1:30 P. M. to  
4 P. M. 5:30 P. M. to 6 P. M. On Sundays from  
12:30 to 1 P. M. Money order and Regis-  
tered Letter Department open from 9 A. M. to  
12:30 and from 1 P. M. to 5 P. M. except dur-  
ing the Christmas season. All money orders  
and remittances, postage, postals, cards and  
Wrappers for sale at East from worker from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M.  
Orders for stamped envelopes with return  
card to be sent to me should be left at the Mon-  
day order Department.

On Saturday night only, a through punch from  
Chicago or regular on the 10th floor, the last train  
of the day, regular money orders, postage, postals  
etc. made up and forwarded to Chicago on the 7  
o'clock train.

On this table generally, the public can  
see themselves thoroughly upon the arrival and  
departure of all the mails, and thus avoid much  
inconvenience to themselves.

**H. A. PATTERSON, D. M.**

## THE GAZETTE.

MONDAY NOVEMBER 5, 1889.

Post-Office—Summer Time Table.

The mails arrive at the Janesville Post Office  
at the following hours:—  
Chicago and Way..... 1:30 P. M.  
Madison and Milwaukee..... 7:00 A. M.  
Chicago Through, Night via Milton..... 7:00 A. M.  
and Milwaukee Junctions..... 7:00 A. M.  
Monroe and Way..... 9:00 A. M.  
Madison and Way..... 1:30 P. M.  
Milwaukee and Way..... 5:00 P. M.

OUT-OF-TOWN MAILED ARRIVE:

Center and Dayton, Tuesdays, Thurs-  
days and Saturdays 12:30 P. M. to 1:30 P. M.  
Emerald Grove, Tuesdays, Thursdays  
and Saturdays..... 12:30 P. M.  
East Prairie, Monroe, Mondays  
Wednesday and Fridays..... 12:30 P. M.  
Beloit stage..... 11:00 A. M.

Mails close at the Janesville Post Office as fol-  
lows:  
Madison and Milwaukee..... 8:00 P. M.  
Chicago Through, Night via Milton..... 8:00 P. M.  
Milwaukee and Dayton..... 8:00 P. M.  
Chicago and Way..... 2:00 P. M.  
All points East, West and South of  
Chicago..... 2:00 P. M.  
Milwaukee and Chicago..... 8:00 P. M.  
Green Bay and Way, including Minne-  
sota, North, Michigan, and  
Wisconsin..... 1:30 P. M.  
Milwaukee and Way..... 1:30 P. M.  
West, Madison, via M. & P. Co. C. R. W. .... 7:00 P. M.  
Mount, Broadhead and Way..... 3:30 P. M.  
Rockford, Freeport and Way..... 2:00 P. M.

OVER-LAND MAILED CLOSE:

Beloit, 12:30 P. M.; Madison, Tuesdays, Thurs-  
days and Saturdays at..... 12:30 P. M.  
East, via Rock Prairie, Johns-  
頓, Thursday and Saturdays at..... 12:30 P. M.  
Richmond, daily at..... 3:30 P. M.  
Emerald Grove and Fairland, Tues-  
days, Thursdays and Saturdays at..... 2:00 P. M.

POSTAGE AND MAIL:

From 8 A. M. to 5:00 P. M. On Sundays from  
12:30 to 1 P. M. Money order and Regis-  
tered Letter Department open from 9 A. M. to  
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**H. A. PATTERSON, D. M.**

**MISS FYDGET'S MISTAKE.**

"If you please, ma'am, won't you  
give me a drink of milk?"

Miss Fydet had just come in from a  
long and boisterous search through the  
pasture for a wandering brood of young  
turkeys which had been missing since  
morning.

She was warm and tired; one boot  
was burst open on the side; her sun-  
bonnet hung limp at the back of her  
head; her gray curls were in true arti-  
ficial confusion, and a vicious blackberry  
brier had torn her hands, until she  
looked as if she might have been in a  
skirmish with the Zulus.

"But I wouldn't have minded all  
that," said Miss Fydet's melancholy  
comment to herself, "if only I could  
have found my young turkeys! They  
do say that there is a company of  
tramps loafing about the country,  
and—"

Just then the mild voice of an old  
man, sitting on the well-end, broke in  
upon the thread of her reflections—an  
old man in a shabby gray coat, buttoned  
closely across his chest, shoes thickly  
coated with dust, and a rude cane,  
cut from the woods, upon which  
he rested his folded hands.

Miss Fydet stared at the old man,  
the old man returned her gaze, depre-  
catingly.

"Perhaps you're deaf, ma'am," said  
the stranger, elevating his voice a semi-  
tone or so higher.

"No more than yourself!" said Miss  
Fydet, naturally somewhat irritated.

"Would you have the kindness to  
give me a little milk?"

Miss Fydet had thought herself of the  
floating rumor she had heard. Perhaps  
this venerable vagrant was one of the  
very band now marauding through the  
valley and glens of Rochemont; perhaps  
even now he had a corps of bloody-  
minded coadjutors hidden behind the  
stone wall, or under the moss-grown  
root of the ancient smoke-house. And  
Miss Fydet was possessed of several  
pieces of antique silver, and had forty  
dollars in an old tea-pot, on the upper-  
most closet shelf!

"I've had a narrow escape of it," said  
she. "But I must get rested as  
quickly as possible, and go to Lavina  
Thorp's to tea. The Bishop is to be  
there, and I would not miss an opportunity  
of meeting him for a thousand  
dollars."

And, between the stimulants of the  
valerian and the camomile afforded by a half  
hour's nap, Miss Fydet managed to  
arouse herself in a stiff black silk dress,  
with a white ribbon cap, and set out for  
Lavina Thorpe's at a few minutes past  
four.

As she crossed her door-yard, a slow-  
winding procession met her eyes, return-  
ing down the rocky slope of the  
pasture-meadow—the sixteen young  
turkeys!

"There they come now," said Miss  
Fydet, with a momentary twinge of  
conscience in regard to the tramp.

"However, it's all over and gone now  
and what's done can't be undone!"

The company was all gathered at La-  
vina Thorpe's; the best china and silver  
were out and great bunches of cabbage  
roses decked the mantel in glass vases,  
that were at least a century old.

"Is he here?" nervously whispered  
Miss Fydet, as she removed her hat in  
the front chamber up stairs.

"The dear man—yes!" said Miss  
Thorp, enthusiastically clasping her  
hands. "Walked all the way from  
Sinstown Station, and met with all  
sorts of interesting adventures. What  
do you think of his being taken for a  
tramp?"

But here she was called away.

When Miss Fydet descended serene  
and smiling, she led up to a pleasant  
old man, with gray hair and a cor-  
dial blue eye.

"Miss Fydet," said Miss Thorpe,  
fussily, "let me make you acquainted  
with Bishop Playfair, of Chirita Terri-  
tory."

"Bless my soul!" cried Miss Fydet,  
dropping her fan and smelling-bottle,  
"It's the tramp!"

The Bishop smiled serenely.

"Miss Fydet," said he, "you never  
can guess how deliciously cool that  
milk tasted to me. And, by-the-way,  
I met a brood of young turkeys in a  
stable field as I crossed from the  
highway, which I concluded must be  
yours."

Both joined in irresistible laughter,  
and in five minutes Miss Fydet, set at  
her ease by the Bishop's tact and kind-  
ness, was chattering cheerfully away re-  
garding the Chirita Missions.

"But to think," said Miss Lavina  
Thorp, afterward, "that you mistook  
the Bishop of Chirita Territory for a  
tramp!"

"And set him to splitting wood, and  
pointed a rusty musket at him," said  
Miss Fydet.

"It only shows," said old Mrs. Mar-  
tin, severely, "how easy it is to be  
mistaken in this world.—Saturday  
Night."

Thus Benson, Lowell, Mass., writes:

Your Spring Blossom cured me of Salt  
Rheum from which I have been a martyr  
for over ten years, my hands were almost  
useless and my face frightfully disfigured.

I have used the Spring Blossom accord-  
ing to directions, and now am able to  
work and my face is now quite clear  
again.

Sold by A. J. Roberts, and Croft & Sherer.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

"I suppose it is the natural medical  
process to shrink from present trouble.

It is the natural process of a preventive,  
to shrink from present trouble before it  
comes, and to shrink from difficulties  
as they arise, instead of meeting them  
head on, and effecting a most satis-  
factory result.

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# THE GAZETTE.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1880

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY.

Published Every Evening—Except Sunday, at \$7.00 per Year by

THE GAZETTE PRINTING COMPANY,

OFFICE ON NORTH MAIN STREET,

JANESVILLE, — WISCONSIN.

## THE CITY

NOTICES FOR THIS COLUMN WILL BE CHARGED FIVE TWENTY CENTS PER LINE, FIRST INSERTION, AND SIX CENTS FOR EACH SUBSEQUENT INSERTION IN DAILY, DAILY AND WEEKLY TWENTY CENTS FIRST, AND TWELVE CENTS EACH SUBSEQUENT INSERTION.

I will rent my house and furniture during the coming winter to a small family on reasonable terms. Apply to Mrs. H. L. Barlow, No. 21 Cherry st., Fourth ward.

OYSTERS served in all styles at the Parlor Billiard Hall in Smith's block, opposite the Myers' house.

If you want a really enjoyable smoke, get one of those choice cigars at the Parlor Billiard Hall in Smith's block, opposite the Myers' house. An extra fine nickel cigar too. Try it.

BUSINESS men who want a cup of coffee, that is coffee, and a lunch, can get it anytime at the Parlor Billiard Hall in Smith's block, opposite the Myers' house.

A full supply of Justice Return blanks, to the County Board (new form) on hand at the Gazette office.

For SALE—At the Gazette counting room a velocipede scroll saw, price very low.

For SALE—A new Mosler, Baumham & Co. safe, weighing eleven hundred pounds, can be seen at GAZETTE counting room.

For SALE—One of the celebrated Improved Howe sewing machines, new and in perfect running order, price low, at the GAZETTE counting room.

For SALE—One set of Howe's celebrated shelling noise, platform scales, just received from the manufacturers, can be seen at the GAZETTE counting room.

You can get one set of Victor Platform Scales, new, at GAZETTE counting room at a bargain. Call and see them.

## LOCAL MATTER.

### Ladies and Gent's Stationery.

For a good article of Writing Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Ink, etc., at reasonable prices, call at Sutherland's Bookstore, 2nd floor.

**Over 150 Howe Scales sold.** Borden, Stetler & Co., Agents, Chicago, Ill.

Go to A. J. Roberts for Mrs. Fremont's New National Dyes, for brightness and durability of color are unequalled. Color from 2 to 5 pounds. Price, 15 cents.

**MANHOOD RESTORED.**

A stain of early impurity, causing preventable diseases, has been discovered in every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of solvence, which he will send free to his subscribers. Address, A. J. ROBERTS, 30 Clinton St., N.Y.

**The Voltic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.**

Will send their celebrated Electro-Voltic Belts to the afflicted upon 30 days trial. Speedy cures guaranteed. They mean what they say. Write to them without delay.

**Mother! Mother! Mother!**

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the exerting pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSTON'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it, there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it who will tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and surgeons in the United States. Sold everywhere, cents a bottle.

**Coughs.**

"Brown's Bronchial Triches" are used with advantage to alleviate Coughs, Some Throat, Hoarseness and Bronchial Affections. For thirty years these "Triches" have been used, with annually increasing favor. They are not new and unrivaled, but having been tested by wide and constant use, ready for entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age.

The Tumor—"Brown's Bronchial Triches" act directly on the organ of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the Throat and Larynx, restoring a healthy tone when relaxed, either from cold or overexcitation of the voice, and produce a clear and distinct enunciation. *Speakers and Singers* find the Triches useful.

A COUGH, GOLD, CATARRH or Sore Throat requires immediate attention, as neglect often times results in some terrible Lung Disease. "Brown's Bronchial Triches" will almost certainly give relief. Imitations are offered for sale, many of which are injurious. The genuine "Brown's Bronchial Triches" are sold only in boxes.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

We Come Again With

## SPLENDIDS!

TO GREET YOU.

Baker, Warren & Co., Troy, New York, made and sold more Bass Banners in 1879, than any other house in the world.

## SPLENDIDS!

N. GRISWOLD

Sold more Bass Banners than any other house in Janesville.

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Sold more Bass Banners than any other house in Janesville.

## Heating and Cooking STOVES

We have more orders booked for the same so far for 1880, than ever before up to date. We have a large stock on hand, but assure you that none of them may get left, as many did last season, and we are obliged to take up with some inferior stove. We also sell a line of other

To TOBACCO SALES.

Sales of seed leaf tobacco reported exclusively for the Janesville Gazette by J. S. Gans Son & Co., Tobacco Brokers.

Nos. 84 and 85 Wall street, New York, for the week ending, Nov. 8, 1880:

1,200 cases, crop of 1879, Pennsylvania, assorted at 10 to 20 cents. Wrappers, 18 to 25 cents.

180 cases, crop of 1879, New England Wrappers, at 10 to 25 cents.

210 cases, crop of 1879, State hills, 12½ cents.

230 cases, crop of 1879, Ohio at 7 cents to 12 cents.

150 cases, crop of 1879, Sumatra, at 8 to 20 cents.

Total, 1,360 cases.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul.

Trains at Janesville station

Arrive—

From Milwaukee 12:30 A. M.

From Prairie du Chien 1:45 P. M.

From Chicago, Milwaukee and East 1:45 P. M.

From Chicago, Milwaukee and West 1:45 P. M.

Depart—

For Chicago, Milwaukee and East 1:45 A. M.

For Chicago, Milwaukee and West 1:45 P. M.

For Madison, Prairie du Chien, St. Paul 6:30 P. M.

For Monroe 6:30 P. M.

Trains at Clinton Junction west bound.

Arrive—

Day Express 10:55 A. M.

Night Express 10:51 A. M.

Accommodation 12:20 P. M.

EAST BOUND.

Arrive—

Day Express 3:30 P. M.

Night Express 3:33 A. M.

Accommodation 4:30 A. M.

WM. B. NOYES, Agent.

A. V. H. CARPENTER, Gen'l Pass'n Agent.

Chicago & Northwestern.

Trains at Jolietville Station.

Arrive—

Fond du Lac passenger 8:30 P. M.

Depart—

Day Express 2:30 P. M.

Fond du Lac passenger 6:35 A. M.

Arron Branch.

Arrive—

Arron Accommodation 10:15 A. M.

Arron Passenger 12:30 P. M.

M. HUGHETT, Gen'l Pass'n Agent.

General Passenger Agent.

SHREFFLETS.

—Some shrefflelets in town.

—The Mutual Improvement club opens the season to-night.

—Marshal Hogan is lacking up posters warning everybody to shut up their cows.

—The case of Black vs. Goldthorpe was resumed this afternoon in the Circuit Court.

—The money order business fell off a little last week. Total cash handled, \$2,653.16.

—The trials on the cases in the Circuit Court will probably be commenced next Monday.

—Red flannel bandages are adorning the throats of some of the horses. Epidemic. Now we know what ailed Andrew Jackson's silk hat, last Saturday.

—The funeral services of Mrs. Arns were held yesterday, and were largely attended, Rev. Dr. McEachan officiated, and the remains were interred at Emerald Grove.

—The Milwaukee & St. Paul Company has commenced pushing the new line from Rockton to Rockford. Mike Curtis has the contract, and the shovelling is lively.

—The rear part of Richardson Bros' old store is being rolled over the river, to be used as a part of the factory of the Empire Cross Spring Company, near Dodge & Finchholz' shops.

—Otto Högl, mormon, will not be comforted. His blood dog had a bloody fit yesterday, and caused some little excitement. The dog is convalescent now, and promises not to do so any more.

—The funeral of Mr. R. P. Bleasdale was largely attended, yesterday, at his late residence in the town of Janesville. All seemed to feel that a good man had been taken away from the family and neighborhood. Rev. G. W. Lawrence conducted the religious services.

—The Janesville Guards have decided to hold a series of dancing parties, this winter, in Apollo hall, and have engaged Anderson's full band to furnish the music. The first of the series is to be given next Friday evening, and one will be held every two weeks thereafter.

—The twenty-seventh session of the Wisconsin Conference of Unitarian and Independent Societies opens in All Souls church to-morrow night with a sermon by Rev. Brooke Herford, of Chicago. Among those who will take parts on the programme of the following two days are: Rev. J. Wassell, of Noma, Ill.; Rev. George E. Gordon, of Milwaukee; Rev. C. J. Adams, of Crystal Lake; Rev. Thomas Kerr, of Rockford; Rev. James H. Howe, of Kenosha; Rev. Olympian Brown, of Racine; Rev. E. S. Elder, of Lexington, Mass.; Rev. H. M. Simmons, of Madison; J. Vila Blake, of Quincy, and Rev. Jenk L. Jones.

We watched her breathing through the night, Her breathing soft and low; As in her breast the wave of life, Kept heavy to and fro;

Dyspepsia's horrid pangs in silence she endured, But through Spring Blossom's aid, we're glad to say she's cured.

Sold by A. J. Roberts, and Croft & Sherer.

**THE WEATHER.**

Reported by PRENTICE & EVANSON, DRUGGISTS.

The thermometer at 6 o'clock last night stood at 37 degrees above, at 1 o'clock A. M. to-day at 33 degrees above; at 7 o'clock A. M. at 41 degrees above, and at 1 o'clock P. M. at 52 degrees above. Clear.

**ONLY STEAM.**

About 11 o'clock this forenoon the fire alarm was sounded caused by the appearance of smoke issuing from the roof of Lawrence & Atwood's woolen mill. The engines turned out promptly, but what appeared to be smoke proved to be steam, which had escaped from a broken pipe, and was crowding its way out between the shingles and around the chimney. Henry Doty was the first to discover this apparent smoke and made prompt use of his telephone to send in the alarm, but fortunately no water was needed.

J. F. Newcomb, of Toledo, Ohio, says—I have been greatly benefited by wearing an Expector Kidney Pad, and would recommend all persons troubled with weak kidneys to try it.—See Ad.

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Total, 1,360 cases.

## THE CIRCUIT COURT.

The Call of the Criminal Calendar This Morning

In the Circuit Court to-day the criminal calendar was called, showing the following cases.

State vs. Charles Van Epps et al.

State vs. Edward McKivitt.

State vs. Charles Green. Nolle entered.

State vs. Emma Hake. Nolle entered.

State vs. James Rordan. For trial.

State vs. John C. Smith. Nolle entered.

State vs. Tilton McCormick.

State vs. John Welch, Jr.

State vs. James McEnery.

State vs. Thomas Ingalls. For trial.

State vs